

STORE SECURITY
by pwatson1974
Starring Natasha in Pieces

"Hey! Get off!" Natasha shouts, her arms twisted painfully behind her back, the security guard's grip tight enough to leave bruises as he shoves her along. Everyone's looking, but no one's helping, because he's the guard so he has the power and she...doesn't.

"Shaddup. We don't like shoplifters here."

"But I'm not....I didn't...."

"Sure, sure, you and every other little thief who thinks they can help themselves." He shoves her into one of the tiny dressing rooms, banging her shin hard on the wooden bench. The door bangs shut, the guard finally releasing her. She whimpers, rubbing her wrists, limping to the back of the tiny room.

"I didn't!"

"That's what they all say."

She huffs in frustration, rolling her eyes, "So we just wait here until the cops get here? Then I show them I didn't take anything and you're forced to let me go?! Is that why we're wasting our time?!"

"Cops? Why would we call those doughnut jockeys? They're fuckin' useless!"

"This is crazy! You can't just keep me in a changing room forever!"

"We won't. We're just waitin' for the company's specialist to arrive. Then he can deal with you."

"Good! Anyone other than you! Maybe he'll be reasonable!"

"Oh, I can be reasonable. If you give me a reason to be."

"What?"

"I mean, say, you were to drop to your knees and blow me, I could be persuaded that this was all a mistake and you can go."

"What?! How dare you?!" her hand's moving before she really knows it, connecting smartly with his cheek. He grimaces, his hand crushing her wrist. He smiles like a shark, leaning over her.

"Guess reasonable is off the table." he gives her a shove into the corner. "Don't try anything cute. Or the specialist will have to put you back together before he deals with you."

Uncomfortable minutes pass in uncomfortable, threatening silence before there's a firm knock on the door. "You took your fucking time."

"There was an incident at the Fourth Street store." the voice outside says calmly.

"Yeah, yeah, you're here now. Got us a shoplifter. Bad attitude, too. Little bitch slapped me. Enjoy yourself, honey." he smirks as he shoulders out of the doorway. A gaunt figure in black steps in, looking like the villain in that movie with Bob Hoskins and the cartoon rabbit, all in black with a pinched face that's almost ghostly white and glasses as black as his outfit.

"Now, then, let's see. Shoplifter, eh? Such a shame. And so young. Pity."

"I can assure you I was not shoplifting! I was just shopping and went to look at the swimwear at the front of the store. That's all." she folds her arm, sullenly trying to keep herself under control.

He shrugs his reedy shoulder. "It's not as if it matters. The store's policies don't distinguish guilt or innocence by this point. I'm just here for the 'sentencing', as it were."

"Wait, what?! This can't be legal!"

"Probably not. That's not my concern. And, soon, it won't be yours, either."

She looks at him in confusion. He reaches out, his papery skin taking her hand, his grip feeling like a block of ice. He releases her hand, the cold seeming to remain, creeping up her arm. Her fingers tingle with cold, getting stiffer as she tries to clench them. She looks at him in confusion. "What's going on?" she asks, her heart beating against her chest, "Did you drug me or something?!"

"No. And don't worry. It will be fairly obvious what's going on in a moment."

She's still confused, her arm getting stiffer and stiffer. "It's getting hard to move my arm! Please, whatever you did, please, stop it!"

He reaches out again, taking her unresponsive hand in his, the cold barely penetrating.

"Why can't I feel my arm?" she asks, terrified as she can barely feel his grip.

In response, he gives her arm a twist and pulls hard, yanking the immobile plastic arm off her shoulder. The skin looks flat, dull, like it came from a mannequin not a human being.

Her jaw drops, feeling over her shoulder, almost reaching out to touch the plastic arm. He raps it against the bench sounding hard, plastic, hollow, and barely feeling it at all. She takes a deep breath, readying a scream.

"I wouldn't. I prefer to save the head for last, but I don't have to."

She quivers in fear, her eyes big, nostrils flared with terror. "Head last? This can't be happening!"

"Then there's nothing to worry about." she flinches as he grabs her other arm, "You're not as violent as most of the real lifters. I believe you're probably innocent in all this."

"I really am! Please, stop this and let me go!" she pleads, tears welling in her eyes as her other arm starts to become stiff and numb.

"Unfortunately for you, I only get paid if you get dealt with, whether you're innocent or not."

"Please. I'll, I'll pay you!"

"Don't beg. It's embarrassing." he pulls her other arm away, tossing it casually onto the bench. She winces at the plastic clatter as it lands. He calmly reaches out, yanking her top over her head, revealing her black bra, her chest heaving.

"Stop grumbling and turn around."

She does, staring into the mirror at the armless girl in terror. She feels him deftly unclasp the bra, easily lifting it away over her armless shoulders. She pouts in frustration, feeling so helpless as he reaches down to unzip her skirt.

"Kick it off."

Reluctantly she does, ending it sliding across the floor to the corner. "So, I'm going to be a mannequin now?"

"No. You're going to be several mannequins,"

She gives him another confused look as he slides her panties over her hips, letting them slip down her legs, pooling on the floor. She tries to cover up, cheeks burning, but her plastic arms remain firmly on the bench, reminding her of what's happening. She feels his ice-cold hands on her thighs, watching in the mirror as they get stiffer, duller, until she's standing on two legs made entirely of plastic, trying to deny the reality before her in the mirror.

"Don't worry. I'll take those off when we're done. It's far less hassle for everyone."

"You mean my legs?!"

"Of course. What else would I mean at this point?"

"I don't know! This is just so hard to believe." As she struggles to wiggle her toes, he reaches around her, his fingers connecting with her sex, the cold sending an intense shock through her body. He pulls his hand away as the cold spreads through her hips, the space between her legs blank and flat. "What?! What did you..."

He shows her his hand, a plastic pussy resting in his palm.

"Is that...is that my pussy?" she says, mouth open in shock.

"Not any more." he slides it into his jacket pocket, waiting until her hips are firmly solid before his hands return to her body.

She shivers as those cold fingers run up her sides and cup and squeeze her breasts, shuddering at the cold and the violation, but is unable to voice her objections. She can only watch as her firm breasts harden into plastic, her chest stopping rising and falling with each breath, her skin taking on the dull sheen of a plastic store dummy.

"Any last words for posterity?"

"I...I...please don't..."

"I'll take that as a no." his cold hand touches her cheek. She tries to speak, but the numbness is spreading quickly, reducing her pleas, her prayers, her curses to incoherence.

And soon, he stands alone in the room with just an armless mannequin for company, its face twisted into a look of terror. Unemotionally, he proceeds to take the formerly living woman apart, casually setting her pieces on the bench.

He opens the door to find the guard waiting for him, sadistic smile on his face. "Take those down to the spares box, George."

"Be a pleasure." he looks into the cubicle, "Jeeze Louise, how come you never get the faces to look good? Store ain't gonna be able to use this one either."

"Surprisingly, people in their last moments as people are not very concerned with leaving a good-looking mannequin behind."

"So you'll take it like the others, then, right?"

"As per our arrangement, mannequin parts that cannot be used become my problem to deal with." he opens his bag and George unceremoniously drops the terrified plastic head inside.

"I suppose I'll see you next shift."

"Depends if I get any trouble."

"Of course. Oh, and George, do try to be a bit more discrete in future. It won't take too much effort to notice the number of 'shoplifters', especially pretty young female ones, increases on your shifts. Should anyone be of a mind to look. Otherwise I might get called in to 'deal' with you."

"Yeah, yeah." he mutters, bringing the cart over to collect the new mannequin parts.

At the specialist's home, he takes the head out, and walks into a large closet, heads cluttering the shelves, looking demurely down, welcoming him with breathy "Good afternoon, Owner" as he walks past. He places Natasha's head at the end of a shelf with the other plastic heads. He pats her plastic cheek." We'll talk once you've got settled in." He reaches into his pocket, slipping out the pussy that quivers at his touch, slipping it into a drawer full of living sex toys just like it, the air heavy with arousal. He closes the door and returns to his book, waiting for the next incident.